"MILLION-DOLLAR MYSTERY" SOLVED BY ST. LOUIS GIRL

liss Ida Damon Wins \$10.000 With Clever Explanation of "Movie Problem."

MAINSTAY OF AGED PARENTS

Comes as Thunderbolt From Sky in Home Where Luxuries Have Been Few.

In St. Louis, Mo., way out in the south side of the town and in the heart of a modest district, stands a particular apartment house. It is like hundreds of its neighbors up and down Minnesota avenue. It is two stories high, red brick, stands on a terrace a few feet above the street, and faces the observer with an unornamented front that radiates rigid respectability. The ten steps and narrow walk are spotless, and the two white enameled brick columns on the perchi'ke porch show they have been scrubbed.

ment reflect the silent darkness of a seldom used and old-fashioned "front The shades are drawn to a few inches below the top bar of the few inches below the top bar of the lower sash with mathematical accuracy. The lace curtains, primly white, are most precisely divided. There is the home of an old man, his wife, and their daughter, a stenographer and the mainstay of the little four-room home. Their story is one of the short and simple annals of the poor. The only fortune they have ever had was misfortune. Their success has been extremely modest.

The two windows in the first apart-

Proud of Their Daughter. The old folks are proud of their duti-

ful daughter and hopeful for her two brothers, who are away from home engaged in independent pursuits. The careful management of affairs by

the mother and the simple tastes of the household have made life comfortable and conservatively happy-enough good clothes to "dress up" on Sunday, enough to spare for picture shows. magazines, and to put away a mite every week. They have never hoped sion a reporter was sent to St. Louis

Into this same home this very story you are reading today carries the news make a report. that the daughter is to receive \$10,000

There will be a thrill in these lines for the girl, Miss Ida Damon, of \$731 dinnesota avenue. St. Louis. The eventy-year-old father, Albert, and the findustrious mother, Caroline, will have to spread the paper on the table by the window back in the snug, warm kitchen and read these lines over and over again to be sure that they are really true.

It is a romance of true and humble life that took its beginning in fiction and grew into fact.

The old folks were indeed careful of what they might have to say to a strange young man asking about their daughter. Her business address was imparted reluctantly and with an implied indunction.

She says never to call her up unless it is something of the greatest importance. She doesn't like to be interrupted. Better come back here to see her."

Miss Damon was found at work at her office. Five feet tall, almost plump, athletically poised, clear skinned, home





One day last August Miss Damon went to Chicago on a visit. At a Sixty-third street motion picture house she saw a flaming herald announcing "The Million Dollar Mystery." She passed

Weeks later, back at her typewriter in St. Louis, one of a long battery of stenographers in the skyscraper office of a big roofing concern, she was set at the task of checking advertisements in the newspapers. She came upon the announcement that a prize of \$10,000 was being offered for a solution of "The Million Dollar Mystery," the solution to carry the suggestion for a plot with carry the suggestion for a plot with which to build the final episode of the film serial drama.

Reporter Finds Her Skeptical. The girl had an idea. She followed he p'cture for weeks. Then one day she wrote the idea into words and sent it to the Chicago Tribune.

After the judges reached their decito hunt out this young woman, and, without taking her into confidence, to

Inquiry at the prim little house i in cash, like a diamond falling from Minnesota avenue met polite frigidity There will be a thrill in these lines The old folks were indeed careful of

THE MILLION DOLLAR MYSTERY

By HAROLD MAC GRATH

Prize-Winning Solution of Million Dollar Mystery"

A physician has been summoned and it is learned that Braine lives. Braine, Olga and Vroon are taken to the Siberian mines to end their lives. Hargreave, who has been acting as the butler for Florence's protection, reveals his identity and embraces his daughter. Then he joins the hands of Florence and Norton, after which he takes them to Florence's room, where he turns the portrait of himself and presses a button, the back of the portrait then opens and he places her hand on the million dollars. Thereafter follows the marriage of Florence and Norton and all is happiness.

grown complexion, brown hair and eyes; fitting that she should take lunched to match.
She was interested but skeptical at the suggestion she was "among the remain-ing possible winners in the award of "The Million Dollar Mystery' prize."

with the insistent stranger. "What would you do with the \$10,000 if it should be given to you?" "If I didn't die of heart disease on the

after that I might go into some kind of business for myself maybe— But what's the use of spinning dreams about it? There never could be that much luck in our family. Things don't

happen that way.
"I just wrote my solution of the 'Mystery' and sent it in because I wanted to express my notion of how it should turn out. I wanted to get it off my mind, out. I wanted to get it out my man, like folks who write letters to the newspapers. I would be disappointed a little if the picture didn't have a happy ending with the had people punfor the heroine, with the bad people pun-ished and the good people rewarded, but I guess we can trust the producers to take "are of that. There's enough trou-ble in real life, so we ought to make our

She's Twenty-four Years Old. Miss Damon is twenty-four years old and admits it. She left school when she was thirteen years old and went to work three years later. She has been at work ever since. The first job was behind the cash register in a clothing shop. The next place gave her a chance at night school, and before long she was a wellequipped bookkeeper and stenographer. Positions have come easier since then, and along with her diligence has come the modest prosperity of the home in Minnesota avenue, St. Louis. Miss Damon is a very feminine young person given equally to embroidery, the moving pictures, and baseball. It is supposed to be a matter of confi-dence, but her mother says: "Ida doesn't like to wash the dishes

Anyway she is the girl with a \$10,000 What She'll Do With Prize.

It took several credentials and one chaperon to convince her that it was rest in the bank," she answered. "Then Grath, appear on this page.

\$10,000 PRIZE WINNING LAST CHAPTER

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Secret of the Million. will be remembered that the Countess Olga had darted up the stairs during the struggle between Braine and his captors. The police who had followed her were recalled to pursue one of the lesser rogues. This left Olga free for a moment. She stole out and down as far as the landing.

Servan, the Russlan agent, stood waiting for the taxicab to roll up to the porte cochere for himself. Braine, and Vroon. Norton had taken Florence by the hand, ostensibly to conduct her to the million Suddenly Braine made a dash for liberty. Norton rushed after him. Just as he reached Braine a shot was heard. Braine whirled upon his heels and crashed to the floor.

Olga, intent upon giving injury to Norton, whom she regarded equally with Hargreave as having brought about the downfall, had hit her lover instead. With a cry of despair she dashed back into Florence's room, quite ready to end it all. She raised the revolver to her temple, shuddered, and lowered the weapon; so tenaciously do we cling to life.

Below they were all stunned by the suddenness of the shot. Instantly they sought the fallen man's side. and a hasty examination gave them the opinion that the man was dead. Happily a doctor was on the way. Servan having given a call, as one of the Black Hundred had been badly wounded.

But what to do with that mad woman upstairs? Hargreave advised them to wait. The house was surrounded; she could not possibly escape, save by one method, and perhaps that would be the best for her. Hargreave looked gravely at Norton as he offered this suggestion. The reporter understood: the millionaire was willing to give the woman a chance

"And you are my father?" said Plerence, still bewildered by the smazing events. "But I don't under-stand" her gaze roving from the real Jones to her father. "I don't doubt it, child," replied

"I don't doubt it, child," replied Hargreave, "I'll explain. When I hired Jon's here, who is really Jedson, of Setland Yard, I did so because we looked alike v hen shaven. It was Jedson here who escaped by the bulloon, it was Jedson who relianed to the setland turned the five thousand to Norton it was Jedson who was wounded in dologs of the Black Hundred and a monably well info Last noted, unbeknown to you, I left, and the real Jones for it is easier to call him that took my place. Yed I never saw the difference."

That is natural smiled the father. Yes were thinking of Norton

A it in the reporter will the live ber after

all. Kiss her, man; in heaven's name, kiss her!" And Norton threw his arms around the girl and kissed her soundly, careless of the fact that he was observed by both enemies and

friends.
Suddenly the policeman who had been standing by the side of Braine ran into the living room. "He's allve! Braine is alive! He just stirred!"
"What!" exclaimed Norton and What!" exclaimed Norton and Hargreave in a single breath.
"Yes, sir! I saw his hands move. It's a good thing we sent for a doctor, He ought to be along here

about now. Even as he spoke the bell rang, and they all surged out into the hall, forgetting for the moment all about the million. Olga hadn't killed the man, then? The doctor knelt beside the stricken man and examined him. He shrugged.

"Will be live?"

"Certainly. A scalp wound that laid him out for a few moments. He'll be all right in a few days. He was lucky. A quarter of an inch lower and he'd have passed in his checks." "Good!" murmured Servan.

our friend will accompany me back to good Russia? O, we'll be kind to him during the journey. Have him taken to the hospital ward at the Tombs. Now, for the little lady upstairs."

A moment later Braine opened his

A moment later Braine opened his eyes and the policeman assisted him to his feet. Servan with a nod ordered the police to help the wounded man to the taxicab which had just arrived. Braine, now wholly uncon-scious, flung back one look of hatred toward Hargreave; and that was the last either Florence or her father ever saw of Braine, of the Black Hundred—a fine specimen of a man gone wrong throug's greed and an inordinate lust for revenge.

The policeman returned Hargreave.

"It's pretty quiet upstairs," he suggested. "Don't you think, sir, that I'd better try that bedroom door again?"
"Well, if you must," assented Har-

greave, reluctantly. "But don't be rough with her if you can help it." For Braine he had no sympathy, When he recalled all the misery that devil's emissary had caused him, the years of hiding and pursuit, the loss of the happiness that had rightfully For eighteen vears to have ridder and driven and sailed up and down the world, always confident that sconer or later that demon would find him! He had lost the childhood of his daughter, and now he was to lose her in her womanhood. And be-cause of this implacable hatred the grad prison fortress. But what an enemy the man had been! He. Har-greave, had needed all his wits con-stantly; he had never dared go to sleep except with one eye open. But in employing ordinary crooks Braine had at length overreached himself, and now he must pay the penalty. The way of the transgressor is hard. and though this ancient saying looks dingy with the wear and tear of cen-

But he felt sorry for the woman up above. She had loved not wisely but too well. Far better for her if she but put an end to life. She would not live a year in the God forsaken spows of Siberja. turies, it still holds good.

"My kind father" said Plorence as if she could read his thoughts.

"I had a hard time of it, my child. It was difficult to play the butler with you about. The times that I fought down the desire to sweep you up in my arms! But I kept an iron grip on that impulse. It would have times lied you. In some maniron grip on that impulse. It would have imperiled you. In some man-ner it would have leaked out, and your life and mine wouldn't nave been worth a button." Florence threw her arms around him and held him tightly. "That poor weak woman upstairs!" she murmured. "Can't they let her go?"

No, dear. She has lost, and losers

No, dear. She has lost, and losers pay the stakes. That's life. Norton, you knew who I was all the time, didn't you?"

"I did, Mr. Hargrave. There was a scar on the lobe of your ear; and secretly I had often undered at the likeness between you and the real Jones. When I caught a glimpse of that ear then I knew what the game was. And I'll add you played it amazingly well. The one flaw in Braine's campaign was his hurry. He started the ball rolling before getting all the phases clearly established in his mind. He was a brave man anyhow; and more than once he had me where I believed that prayers only were necessary."

prayers only were necessary."
"And do you think that you can lead Florence to the million?" asked Hargreave, smiling. and has always been there. It never was in the chest." "Not bad, not bad," mused the

"But perhaps after all it will be best if you show it to her yourself."
"Just a little uncertain?" jibed the millionaire.
"Absolutely certain. I will whisper in your ear where it is hidden." Norton leaned forward as Hargreave bent attentively.

bent attentively.
"You've hit it," said the million-aire. "But how in the world did you guess it."

"Because it was the last place any one would look for it. I judged at the start that you'd hide it in just such a spot, in some place where you could always guard it and lay your hands on it quickly if needs said must." I'm mighty glad you were on my side." said Hargreave. "In a few minutes we'll go up and take a look at those packets of bills. There's a

very unhappy young woman there at present."
"It is in my room?" cried Flor-Hargreave nodded.

Hargreave nodded.

Meantime the Countess Olga hovered between two courses; a brave attempt to escape by the window or to turn the revolver against her heart. In either case there was nothing left in life for her. The man she loved was dead below, killed by her hand. She felt as though she was treading air in some fantastical nightmare. She could not go forward or backward, and her heels were always within reach of her pursuers. So this was the end of things? The dreams she had had of going away with Braine to other climes, the happiness she had pictured, all mere chimeras! A sudden rage swept over her. She would escape, she would

continue to play the game to the end. She would show them that she had been the man's mate, not the pliant tool? She raised the window

and in slipped the policer an who had patiently been waiting for her. Instantly she placed the revolver at

her temple. A quick clutch and the policeman had her by the wrist.

she surrendered.
"I don't want to hurt you, miss," said the policeman, "but if you make any attempt to escape I'll have to put the handcuffs on you."
"I'll go quietly. What are you going to do with me?" "Turn you over to the Russian gent. He has extradition papers. and I guess it's Siberia."
"For me?" She laughed scornfully.
"Do I look like a woman who would

She made one tigerish effort to free

herself, shrugged, and signified that

go to Siberia."
"Be careful, miss. As I said, I don't want to use the cuffs unless I have to.

She laughed again. It did not have a pleasant sound in the officer's ears. He had heard women, sui-

cidal bent, laugh like that.
"I'll ask you for that ring on your Do you think there is poison in

I shouldn't be surprised, he ad-She slipped the ring from her finger

and gave it to him.

"There is poison in it, so be careful how you handle it," she said.

The policeman accepted it gingerly and dropped it into his capacious pocket. It tinkled as it fell against the handeums. "Before you take me away I want you to let me see * * my man."
"I can do that."
At that moment the other police-

ian broke in the door.
"All right, Dolan; she's given up the game."
"She didn't kill the man after all," said Officer Dolan. He's alive?" she screamed.

"He's alive?" she screamed.

'Yes: and they've taken him off to the Tombs. Just a scalp wound. He'll be all right in a day or two."

'Alive!" murmured Olga. She had not killed the man she loved, then? And if they were indeed taken to Siberia she would be with him until the ends of things.

With her handsome head proudly erect she walked toward the door. She paused for a moment to look at the portrait of Hargreave. Somehow it seemed to smile at her ironically. it seemed to male at her ironically.
Then on down the stairs, between the two officers, she went. Her glance traveled coolly from face to face and stopped at Florence's. There she saw

pity.

"You are sorry for me?" she asked skeptically.

"Oh. ves! I forgive you," said the generous Florence.

"Thanks! Officers, I am ready."
So the Countess Olga passed through the hall door forever. How many times had she entered it, with guile and treachery in her heart? It was the game. She had played it and lost, and she must pay her debts and lost, and she must pay her debts to Fate the Fiddler. Siberia! The tin or lead mines, the ankle chains, the anout, and many things that were far worse to a beautiful woman! Well, so long as Braine was at her side she would suffer all these things side she would suffer all these things without a murmur. And always there would be a chance, a chance! When they hard the taxicab rumble down the driveway to the street liargreave turned to Florence. "Come along, now, and we'll have the bad taste taken off our tongues. To win out is the true principle of life. It takes off some of the tinsel and glamour, but the end is worth while."

They all trooped up the stairs to So wonderful is the power and attraction of money that they forgot the humiliation of

Hargreave approached the portrait Hargreave approached the portrait of himself, took it from the wall, pressed a button on the back, which feli outward. Behold! there, in neat packages of a hundred thousand each each, lay the mystic million! The spectators were awed into silence for a moment. Perhaps the thought of each was identical—the long struggle, the terrible hazards, the deaths that had taken place because of this enormous sum of money.

money.

A million, sometimes called cool, why nobody knows! There it lay, without feeling, without emotion; yellow notes payable to bearer on demand. Presently Florence gasped, Norton sighed, and Hargreave smiled. The face of Jones for Jedsmiled. The face of Jones (or Jedson) alone remained impassive.

A million dollars is a marvelous
sight. Few people have ever seen
it, not even millionaires themselves.
I daresay you never saw it, and
I'm tolerably certain I never have,
or will! A million, ready for eager,
careless fingers to spend or thrifty
fingers to multiply! What Correggio, what Rubens, what Titian
could stand beside it? None that I
wot of.

"Florence, that is all yours, to do with as you please, to spend when and how you will. Share it with your husband to be. He is a brave and gallant young man and is for-tunate in finding a young woman equally brave and gallant. For the rest of my days I expect peace. Per-haps sometimes Jones here and I will talk over the strange things that have happened; but we'll do that only when we haven't you young folks to talk to. After your wedding journey you will return here. While I live this shall be your home. I demand that much. Free! No more looking over my shoulder when I walk the streets; no more testing I walk the streets; no more testing windows and doors. I am myself again. I take up the thread I laid down eighteen years ago. Have no fear. Neither Braine-nor Olga will ever return. Russia has a grip of steel."

Three weeks later Servan, the Russian agent, left for Russia with his three charges—Olga. Braine, and

Vroon. It was a long journey they went upon, something like ten weeks, always watghed, always under the strictest guard, compelled to eat with wooden forks and knives and spoons. Waking or sleeping they knew no rest from esplonage. From Paris to Berlin, from Berlin to Petrograd, then known as St. Petersburg; and then began the cruel journey over the mighty steppes of that barbaric wilderness to the Siborian whee The to the Siberian mines. The way of the transgressor is hard. On the same day that Olga, Braine, and Vroon made their first descent into the deadly mines Florence and Norton were married. After the storm the sunshine; and who shall deny them happiness? deny them happiness? nmediately after the ceremony two sailed for Europe on their Immediately the two sailed for Europe on their hoheymoon; and it is needless to say that some of the million went with them, but there was no mys-tery about it!

(THE END.)

Alpha Zetas at Banquet. The second annual banquet of the lpha Zeta Alumni Association, an agriultural fraternity, was held at the Ebbitt last night. G. V. Mauning was constinuater. The speukers wer. J. H. Parker, J. S. Cates, V. O. McWhorter. Russell Smith and R. C. Potts.

MONDAY-Matifice and Night Claire Whitney and Stewart

Holmes.

TUESDAY-Jesse L. Lasky presents "The Only Son," with Thomas W. MYSTERY

THE \$10,000 PRIZE SOLUTION

FIRST SHOWING

IN WASHINGTON

TUESDAY, FEB. 23 MATINEE AND NIGHT

FIRST SHOW AT 2 P. M.

DON'T MISS IT.

1431 U St. N. W.

CONTINUOUS UNTIL 11 P. M

COME EARLY IF POSSIBLE. ERE Goo. Ave. & Park Rd. Today Open 3 P. M. ADMISSION, 10c.

Broadway Star Feature Produc-tion in 3 Parts, with Anita Stewart, Julia Swayne Gorden, Harry Morey, and Harry Northup. "Where Is My Wandering

"413"

Boy Tonight" Edison Special in 2 Parts, Feat-uring Marc MacDermott and Mirjan Hearst-Sellg News Pictorial Vitagraph Comedy

Monday Special Attraction FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN In "The Plum Tree" Matinee At 3 P. M. Special Music By the Wurlitzer

CHARLIE CHAPLIN In "His New Job"

519 7th St. N. W.

Today Open 3 P. M.

"REUNITED"

A Drama of the Days of

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Special Feature in Four Parts

Other Good Pictures

'The Wrong Girl'

Special Vitagraph Comedy in 2 parts Featuring Wally Van and Others.

4 Other Fine Reels

Apollo Orchestra

Special for Tomorrow

Washington's Birthday

"The Adventures of a

Boy Scout"

The World Film Corporation Special Production In 5 Parts.

President Wilson, an advocate of

the "Boy Scout" movement is shown in this wonderful photoplay.

Matine and Night

Also a Good Comedy

TODAY

Orma Hawley and Earl Metcaffe in

Regenerating Love

Hearst Sellg News

The Green Cat

Rastus Rabid Rabbit Hunting

Springtime

TOMORROW

lara Kimball Young, Earle Wil-

llams, and L. Rodger Lytton, in

My Official Wife

5- tet Vitagraph

Also Another 2-Act Feature.

1307 EN. W.

SAVOY 14th and Columbia Read Today Open 3 P. M. AlhambraTheater The Glory of Clementina' Edison Feature In 2 Parts Featur-ing Marc MacDermott and Mirian Nesbit

Monday CHARLES CHAPLIN "A Night Out" Tuesday

"C. O. D." Broadway Star Feature With Hughey Mack and An All Star Cost Thursday

"Wildfire" World Film Production in 5 Parts Friday "In the Shadows"

Alliance Feature In 5 Acts Saturday Featuring Jane Gail

"She Stoops To Conquer"

APOLLO 624 H N. E. | Empire Theater

915 H N. E. Today At 3 P. M.

"College Days" Special Feature In 2 Parts. "Heart Beats" 2-Part Alliance

"Hogan the Porter" Keystone Comedy

Monday (Tomorrow) CHARLES CHAPLIN In

"His New Job"

The Disappearance of Harry Warrington

two comedy reels WEDNESDAY

Hill 2-Act Ensann)

"HER SUPREME SACRIFICE," Festuring Alice Joyce, and "WAR,

HOME OF HIGH CLASS FEATURES

Washington's Leading Photoplay Houses

Here's an opportunity for every movie fan in Washington to see his or her film avorite at the expense of The Washington Times. In three of the following ad-

vertisements of leading photoplay theaters will be found words which have one letter omitted. Read these advertisements over carefully, find and indicate-the missing letters, and mail, bring, or send solution to the Movie Contest Editor of The Times. The three correct and most neatly executed sets of answers received by him will be awarded tickets to the three theaters in whose advertisements the

missing letters occur. Answers must be received by noon Monday, and tickets will be mailed Tuesday. Get into the game-watch this space each Sunday.

> 2-part Vitagraph Comedy. Other Good Pictures. THURSDAY—
> "Third Hand High." "Third Hand High." Special Essanny Feature. with Ruth Stonehouse and E. H. Calvert. Also "A Rainy Day." Lubin spe-"Life's Shop Window," with

cial featuring Irmi Hawley and Earl Metcalf.

12th and H N. E.

TODAY OPEN 3 P. M.

FRIDAY—
Daniel Frohman presents Henrietta Crosman, the eminent
American actress in "The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch." SATURDAY—Matinee and Night

"The Accounting." Emanay
feature de lux with Francis X.
Bushman and Beverly Bayne.

Thursday

Jesse I. Lanky Presents

"The Rose of the Rancho"

Friday Daniel Frohman Presents

TYRONE POWER

In the Famous Society Drms

"Aristocracy"

In 4 Acts of Motion Picture

9th Street Bet. E and F

Today and Tomorrow

Francis X. Bushman

Beverly Bayne

By David Belasco Francis Starr's Famous

WEDNESDAY—Matinee and Night Mary Pickford in "Such a Little Queen." Famous Player Pro-duction. special orchestra music every evening which is a feature in itself.

_14th AND IRVING STS. N. W TODAY OPEN 3 P. M.

Daniel Frohman Presents Daniel Higgins In His Original Role In the Famous Racing Play "His Last Dollar"

"Are They Born or Made" An inside story of politics and erime by Jack Rose—a great gripping, masterly 4-part drama.

win in her greatest comedy success "Mrs. Black Is Back" Wednesday Daniel Frohman Presents

Daniel Frohman Presents May Ir-

Hobart Bosworth and a Superb "The Straight Road" Company In "The Country Mouse" With Gladys Hanson

Today Open 3 P. M.

Owing to the fact that Episode 7 of the "Master Key" did not arrive in time to be shown last Sunday -we will show both episode 7 and 8 TODAY of the famous serial story,

"The Master Key"

Special Musical Program | Essanay Feature in 3 Acts

"The Accounting"

EASTERN

Today . SAMSON

515 8th Street S. E.

William Farnum (Not a Biblical Story)

Tomorrow Charlie Chaplin And a Big Feature

A Night Out

Matinee Today and Tomorow, 10c DIXIE 8th and H N. E.

"The Heart of Lincoln" A Drama of Love and War in 3 Parts Featuring Francis Ford and "The Awaited Hour"

A Special Production in 2 Parts, Taken From the Novel By Eugene Rhodes, Featuring Violet Mersereau and William Welch. Also a Good Comedy

Coming Wednesday "The Drug Terror"

Lubin Drama In 5 Parts

"The Master Key"

THE TIMES

Ruth Roland, the "Girl Detective,"

Also another 2-act feature and

Francis X. Bushman lu The Shanty at Trembling

5 Other Pirst Class Acts.

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Every Day in MOTION ' PICTURE

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